

Accidental Collision

by DinoMaster316

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-10-29 23:12:42

Updated: 2015-06-12 20:37:56

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:01:30

Rating: T

Chapters: 10

Words: 11,215

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Aiden picked up the extra DVD in his copy of HTTYD, the last thing he was expecting was to be thrown into the world of Berk and become the village screw-up's best friend. This story starts a few days before the first raid in the movie and will explore what would have happened had Hiccup had a friend his own age from the beginning to the end of the film. *On hold, to be cont.*

1. Hard Landing

****Hey guys! I'm DinoMaster316 and this is my first fanfic. This chapter is short because I didn't want to bore you guys if you don't like it. ****

****Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD. :(If I did we all would own the next two sequels by now!****

*** * ***

><p>Accidental Collision

Chapter 1: Hard Landing****

****Aiden's POV****

Today was my birthday and, for the most part, it was fun. I am going to admit that I was a little disappointed in my gift from the administrator, otherwise known as "grandma" (though we don't call her that willingly). She seems to forget that I'm fifteen, not five like the other kids. So what did she get me? A stupid DVD of "How to Train Your Dragon". Like, REALLY! But of course I had to put on a smile and live with all the cheek-pinching and kisses she gave me. Now, I'm not saying that I don't like "How to Train Your Dragon". I love it actually. But after seeing every day for the past 2 years because of all the littler kids, I got fed up with it. Anyway, after the celebration, I headed up to my room to relax. Now I'm thinking about

the fifteen dollars I just lost because while opening the stupid DVD I just had to rip off the plastic covering. Great. I decide to open up the case to see what's inside. â€|Strange. Two discs. One is obviously the movie. The other is completely blank. Curiosity heightened, I pop it into the computer that I have basically taken over. The computer is an ancient device that takes forever to load, so while I wait I fiddle around with my pocket knife, carving an eagle onto my desk. My entire desk is covered in carvings, from dinosaurs and dragons to deer and antelope. I love to carve and always keep a pocket knife on me. The computer beeps and the screen shows the village of Berk from a bird's eye view. A yellow pop-up comes on and it says, "Press 'Continue' only if you are brave." _I'm braveâ€| I think._ â€|I press continue.

****Stoick's POV****

"Morning, Stoick!" greeted Mulch.

"Mulch." I answered, nodding. I was standing outside my home getting ready for another day of cheifing. I went through the list of things to do in my mind. _First, I have to check the armory and take inventory of the weapons we lost. Then go tell Gobber to start resupplying the weapons. Then, on over to the granary to see if there is a scrap of food left after last night's raid._ I sigh. The raids have been stripping us of all our resources. _No thanks to Hiccup._ A longer, deeper, more exasperated sigh. Hiccup. The biggest problem in this village. Not to mention my son. And last night, after trying to "help" by launching a small catapult, that he invented, at a Gronkle and he knocked a hole in the roof of the granary, letting the dragons in to steal all the food. Suddenly, a crash and a yelp. _Speaking of whichâ€|_ Then a scream followed by another scream. I run inside and up to my son's bedroom to see what's wrong. I burst in, axe in hand, and shout, "HICCUP!" There is a large hole in the roof and my son is looking wide-eyed and is pointing at the corner near his desk. I turn and see a boy my son's age, dressed in strange clothes, scrambling away from my axe. "Who are you and what are you doing in my son's room?!"

* * *

><p>Soâ€| did you like it? Not like it? Please tell me what I could better or what you would like to see in upcoming chapters. Thanks.

2. First Impressions

****Hey guys! Thank you, TheGrey, for reviewing this story and I'm glad you are enjoying it. Just to inform you guys, I plan on adding a new chapter twice a week.****

****Disclaimer: As I said before, I do not own HTTYD, and I wish people would stop rubbing it in.****

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: First Impressions_

****Aiden's POV****

Ok, all I know is that one minute I'm sitting in front of my computer in my room, and the next I'm falling through the sky, crashing into a building, and then landing on top of a sleeping person. Then this guy who has to weigh at least 400 lbs. starts yelling, waving an axe at me, and asking who I am and what I'm doing in his son's room. "M-my name is Aiden, sir, and I don't know what I'm doing here." The big guy gives me a weird look, while his son continues to stare at me. I decide I'd better take control of the situation. "Well, now that you know who I am, can I please know whose roof I just crashed through?"

"Don't talk like that to me, boy. You just destroyed my roof and now you think you can be smart with the chief!" replied the big guy- um, I mean, chief.

"Sorry, I didn't know." The chief's son finally speaks up. "Yeah, well, you know, it's not every day that some stranger smashes the roof and lands on me while I'm sleeping," he smirks.

"Aren't we all making wonderful first impressions," I shoot back. "Let's start over. I'm Aiden and I'm sorry for wrecking your roof and crashing into you. Now it's your turn, and please stop waving that axe around. I promise that I'm not going to hurt anyone anymore."

The chief grunts, but puts the axe away. "I'm Stoick, chief of Berk, and I accept your apology."

"He didn't crash into _you._ I'm Hiccup and I'm his son and-"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait. Berk? As in the island that Vikings live on?"

"Yes."

"As in the island where Hiccup is the worst Viking ever and everyone hates him and he always messes up and the village always suffers from his mistakes? That Berk?"

"Thank you for summing that up. And yes."

"And you're Hiccup?"

"Yes."

"Whoa."

****Hiccup's POV****

I paused. The boy, Aiden, seems to be freaking out now. How did he know all that stuff about him and Berk? I look over to my dad. He gives me a look that says, _Come outsideâ€¦ NOW._ I follow my dad out of the room, leaving Aiden to hyperventilate on his own. Stoick turns to me and says, "Son, do you know this boy?"

"No, I've never seen him before in my life."

"Ok, I want you to keep an eye on him and make sure he doesn't cause any more trouble."

"Shouldn't you be making sure _I _don't cause any more trouble?"

"Not now son, I've got go and check the armory. I'll see you tonight." And with that, I'm left to look after a kid whom I just met and only because he crashed through my roof and scared the living daylights out of me. Sounds like I'm in for a fun-filled day.

****Aiden's POV****

How the heck was I in Berk?! Maybe I'm dreaming. Or have a hallucination. I knew watching that movie so many times would affect my brain. Or maybe it was all the cake and ice cream I ate. "Soâ€| are you new to the village?" Hiccup asks, shattering my thought process.

"Yeah, I guess you could say that."

"Ok. You want a tour. I could show you around."

"Yeah, sure. That would be great."

After a quick glance at me he says, "You might want to change out of that outfit first."

"What wrong with it? It's just jeans and a t-shirt."

"What are jeans?"

"Oh. Never mind. Do you have something I can change into?"

"Yeah. Here's something."

"Great." After a few minutes I've changed into a red tunic and some leggings. "All set. Lead the way."

Walking through the village helps take my mind off the strange series of events that have happened. Hiccup stops frequently to point something out and tell me its purpose. I can't help but notice that all the villagers keep giving Hiccup glares or try to avoid him. I can tell he knows it too. "So that's basically the entire village."

"Cool. But where's the forge?"

"Oh. Right. That's where I work, but it's not open yet."

"Oh. Hey, not meaning to be offending, but have you done something recently, because everyone keeps glaring at you."

"Yeah, I kinda destroyed the granary last night." He starts walking back to his house. I quickly follow a few steps behind. "Wow. How'd you pull that off?"

"Well, I shot a catapult at a Gronkle and missed. Nothing unusual though. I've done worse."

"Well, that explains it."

"Yeah. You'll probably want to leave now that you know how big a screw up I am. I always seem to mess things up, no matter how- Oh come on." He stopped at the corner of one of the houses. There were a group of teens waiting for him.

"Hey, loser!" I recognized them all at once. There was Snotlout, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and Astrid. The one who spoke up was Snotlout. "Nice job last night. If I didn't know better, I would have thought you were on the dragon's side!" They all laugh at his joke. All except Astrid, who just looks at him with disgust and walked off. "In fact we're all here to show our appreciation for your efforts." The twins and Snotlout grinned wickedly and started to make threatening moves toward Hiccup.

"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" I challenged.

They all look at me as if they're noticing me for the first time. "Who's the new guy?" Tuffnut asks.

Hiccup looks at me as if I've gone insane. I ignore him. "My name's Aiden. I'm a friend of Hiccup's." Hiccup once again looks at me like I've lost my mind.

"Well, _Aiden,_ are you volunteering?" Snotlout is about the same height as me, but he's a lot more muscular. And he has two people willing to back him up. But I have a few tricks up my sleeve.

"If you're asking if I'm willing to stand up for my friend, then yes."

Snotlout seems a bit put off by this. Obviously he is not used to people challenging him. _All the more reason to take him down a few notches,_ I think to myself. But Snotlout is really a coward when it comes to being threatened. "Fine, but right now I've got more important things to do then waste by breath on screw-ups like you." With this said, he leaves followed by the twins and Fishlegs.

"You didn't have to do that," Hiccup says, "he'll just come after me later."

"Yes, I did. I mean, what else are friends for."

"We're now considered friends?"

"Yeah. I had to repay you somehow for crashing into you this morning."

Hiccup lets out a snort. "Fine. But I'm not sure you'll be able to stand all this for long. Anyway we need to get to the forge."

By the time we get there, Gobber has opened it up and shouts for Hiccup to get to work. "Gobber, I haven't even eaten yet."

"Well you should have eaten sooner. Come on."

I realize that I won't be much use here so I decide to do something. "Hiccup, I could run to the Great Hall grab something to eat."

No response. In fact, it looks like he didn't even hear me. He's staring at something out the window. I follow his gaze. I don't see

anything exceptâ€¦ Astrid. Ahhhh. I turn back to Hiccup and wave my hand in front of his face. He looks at me startled. "What?"

"I said, do you want me to go to the Great Hall and grab something to eat?"

"Yeah, yeah. That would be great."

Once at the Great Hall, I grab two plates and start to pile on some food. A couple tables away, I hear Snotlout talking with the other teens. "How long are we going to have to wait? We're old enough. Why hasn't the chief put us in dragon training?!" Mummers of agreement. Then I hear Astrid say, "Let's try to convince him. We all practice really hard and then, when the next raid comes, we prove ourselves." All the teens enthusiastically agree and head out the door.

By the time I make it back to the forge, Hiccup has gone through about a fourth of the weapons that have to be fixed. "Got breakfast," I announce. Hiccup and Gobber stop their work to start eating. "I never did learn your name." Gobber says.

"Aiden."

"Well, welcome to the forge, Aiden. I'm Gobber."

"Pleased to meet you."

"I'm his apprentice." Hiccup announces.

"So I gathered. What do you guys do here, besides fix weapons?"

"Well, Hiccup invents stuff."

"Really. Like what?"

"Machines that will supposedly make life easier for us, but end up messing thing up."

"Don't you like the traditional weapons?"

"Yeah, they're ok, but the only weapon that I'm reasonably good at is bow and arrow, and that doesn't help take dragons down."

"Oh, I understand. The only traditional weapon I'm good at is the sword."

"That's not so bad. At least a sword can kill a dragon."

"It's bad if there is no use for swords where I come from."

"Oh. â€¦ Well, I guess I should get back to work."

"Yeah, sure. If you don't mind, I'll just hang around here."

"Sure." As the day went on I learned a lot of things about Hiccup. Like how he used to be friends with the other teens, and all the times that he messed up during dragon raids. I learned about the time that he was left alone for the first time and he had to help sober up the other teens when they got into the mead. He also learned about

me. I told him that I loved to carve things and how I had to take martial arts classes for the last three years. I even got up enough courage to tell him that I was not from this time. He took it better than I thought he would. "So let me get this straight. You hit a button and then you were falling through the sky and that's how you crashed through my roof."

"Right."

"Well, I guess stranger things have happened."

"Really? Like what?"

"Well there'sâ€¦ umâ€¦ there'sâ€¦ Ok, I don't know of anything stranger happening."

"I thought so. You done?"

"Yep. We might as well go home. You can stay with me if you want."

"Sure. Thanks."

On the way back, I noticed Hiccup staring at a house. "Whatcha looking at?"

"Nothing." he replied, a little too quickly.

"Whose house is that?"

"Umâ€¦ it's umâ€¦ it's the Hofferson's."

"As in Astrid Hofferson?"

"â€¦Yes." I chuckled at his response. "You like her don't you?"

"What! No!"

"Hey, don't try to deny it. First I catch you staring at her through the forge's window and now you're staring at her house. You most defiantly like her."

"So!" Then a look of dread crossed his face. "You're not going to tell her, are you?"

"No! That's middle school stuff."

"Huh?"

"Never mind."

"Ok, well thanks anyway."

"Don't mention it. After all what are friends for?"

* * *

><p>So, what did you think of it? Did I get the characters right? Or do I need less dialogue? And on last thing. I am trying to

decide where I need to end the story. Should I End it as soon as the movie ends, a little after, a little before, or somewhere else?
Please review and keep writing!

3. The Real Deal

****Hi guys! So sorry for not sticking with my scheduled but school got in the way (curse my history class). But anyway, this chapter basically is to catch us up with the movie's beginning.****

****Guest who said, "****I would of loved to see your OC beat Snotlots face in, then have him run away crying. XD": I hope you enjoy this.****

****Cassierole1401: I'm am glad you love this fanfic so much.****

****Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD (sob).****

* * *

><p>Chapter 3: The Real Deal_

****Hiccup's POV****

It's has been three days since Aiden crashed through my ceiling and he and I have become good friends. He now has a job at the forge, carving designs in to handles of weapons or simply carving figures for the villagers. Almost everyone in the village enjoys him. Almost. Snotlout still is holding a grudge against him, but I think it's only a matter of time before he warms up to him. All the other teens like him. Of course, the other teens almost always hang out with him when I'm not around. It's like they think I won't notice that as soon as I leave they all end up at the same table as he is. But I can't believe that Aiden still considers me his friend. He could be friends with anybody, but he chooses to spend his time with me. Me. Hiccup the Useless. Anyway, I asked him to show me his sword fighting skills and he agreed. The other teens overheard us and asked if they could come watch. He first demonstrated with a shield and one sword, then with a double-handed sword, and finally with two swords. After seeing his talent, Snotlout decide that this would be a good time to try and get even. So that is how we all ended up on a hill, watching Snotlout and Aiden get ready to duel.

Snotlout took his stance with his hammer and shield and waited for Aiden. Aiden took a stance I had never seen before. His left hand held one of his swords horizontally across his body while his right held the second sword out to the side and kept it pointed at Snotlout. Snotlout charges Aiden with his hammer raised. Aiden easily dodged his clumsy attack and went back to his stance. Snotlout swung at his sword, hoping to break it with his hammer. Aiden blocked the swing and made his own move. It was almost so quick that you couldn't see it. Aiden stabbed one sword directly into Snotlout's shield and pulled it off of his arm. Then he knocked Snotlout's hammer out of his grip. At first, I thought that Aiden would point his sword at Snotlout and demand him to surrender but instead he offered his hand to Snotlout. Snotlout looked at it, as if it was a snake, but accepted it. "You know, you're pretty cool," was all Snotlout said after gathering his hammer and shield. And just like that, Aiden is

on Snotlout's good side.

As the others leave Aiden and I at the duel sight I overhear them talking about dragon training. About how they are so close to getting in. Not me. I've talked with my dad and he seems determined to keep me from ever fighting dragons. You would think that the chief's son would be the first of the group to make it into dragon training. But then again, I was never your traditional Viking. Tonight, when he comes in the house, I decide to try my luck once again.

"Hey! Dad, sir? I overheard the others talking about dragon training and I was wondering if I might be able to get in with them."

"Hiccup, no. I'm not going to let you in that arena until you prove that you are more responsible."

"But Dad, by the time I'm 'responsible enough', I will be the only 50 year old that doesn't know how to fight dragons!" I notice Aiden sitting, watching us, but decide to ignore him.

"Hiccup, that's enough. How do you expect me to trust you when every time I let you out of my sight, you punch a hole in the granary, sink a ship, or blow up the armory!"

Then, he moves off to leave me trying to figure out how to become "responsible".

"He's pretty hard on you, isn't he?"

I snap out of my thought process. "What?"

"Well, you get really tense every time you're around him and he always gives you a look that I imagine would be similar to the look that a queen would give a mouse."

"Ha, yeah, I guess that I'm not the exact son he wanted."

"Well, I know how that feels."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't even have parents. Just an elderly lady that everyone calls 'Grandma' because she makes us."

"Us?"

"I live at an orphanage. Sr. Richard's Happy Place. A really hypocritical name because the place is the Sahara and Antarctica all rolled into one."

"Oh! sorry man."

"Hey, it's okay. Well, I think we should go to bed. Got a big day ahead of us."

"Yeah. Gobber says we're probably gonna have to stay after to finish all the orders. No thanks to you."

"Hey! I can't help it if people love my carvings."

We both laugh and go on to bed, preparing ourselves for the long day tomorrow.

****Aiden's POV****

I'm awoken by screams and shouts. I see Hiccup's bed is already empty. Quickly, I grab my sword and make my way downstairs. Once there, I see Hiccup holding the door shut with his back to it.

"What is it?" I ask, seeing the edges of the doors have been burnt.

He grins at me and says one word. "Dragons."

* * *

><p>I hope to have chapter 4 up by Friday, but if not then it will be up by Monday.

****I want to thank ****CreativeWriter96 for all the support on this story. For those of you who stuck around to read this, you should read his HTTYD fanfic, "Young Viking Love".**** Also, Shinigamilover2 for adding this story to his favorites. You're AWESOME!****

****Please review and tell me what you think. Did you like it, did you not, too little of this, too much of that, and what would you like to see in future chapters.****

****Until next time, keep writing!****

4. What Should I Do?

****Thanks to marc chamberlain for reviewing and I don't know what kind of dragon Aiden will get. Possibly an OC dragon, but I could really use some ideas.****

****So this is the first chapter that takes place during the movie.****

* * *

><p>Chapter 4: What Should I Do?_

****Aiden's POV****

After Hiccup had told me what was happening, we ran outside. I saw dragons battling Vikings, who were trying to protect what little amount of food that was left after the last raid and Hiccup's mishap. Hiccup started to run forward shouting at me over his shoulder about something to do with the forge.

"Wait, Hiccup!"

He spun around to see what I wanted. "What is it? Gobber's gonna want us at the forge to help out with weapon repairs."

"I know, but I only do carvings. How could I be of any help at the forge?"

Understanding swept over his face. Groaning he asked, "Ok. You could stay here-"

"No. I want to help."

"â€|Well, you could help with fire duty."

"Yeah. Sure."

"Just head to the Great Hall. That's where they meet. Now I've got to get to the forge before someone drags me back inside."

The, he heads off, in the direction of the forge. I head up to the Great Hall to see if I could be of any use there.

****Astrid's POV****

I've been outside the Great Hall watching the village be attacked by the dragons. Snotlout, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and I aren't allowed to help fight the dragons because we haven't gone through Dragon Training. So instead, we're assigned to fire watch. If one of the buildings catches fire, it's our job to put it out, if possible. Just as we're about to head out, we hear a voice call out, "Hey guys wait up!"

I turn to see Aiden, with his sword strapped to his back, running up the hill to catch us.

I don't know what to think of Aiden. He seems like a nice guy. He is smart, smarter than Snotlout or Tuffnut but not nerdy, like Fishlegs. He is good with a sword, as he demonstrated in his duel with Snotlout, and he isn't constantly looking for attention. In fact he seems to avoid attention as much as possible. But his sudden appearance into the village makes me suspicious of him. That, along with the fact that he constantly hangs out with Hiccup of all people, makes me feel uneasy when I'm around him.

"What are you doing here?" asked Fishlegs.

"I came to see if I could help." he replied.

"Well why aren't you at the forge helping there?" Tuffnut inquired, with a hint of a challenge.

Aiden caught on to the challenge. "Because re-carving designs into people's weapons would be so helpful." he retorted. Maybe Hiccup's sarcasm was rubbing off on to him.

"Guys, come on! We need to keep watch! If Aiden wants to help, fine!" I ordered.

Soon, everyone was back on track. It wasn't long before someone shouted, "FIRE!" We quickly ran to the sight of the fire. I grabbed a bucket of water and diminished the flames, but to no avail. As soon as I turned around an explosion erupts behind me. I run back to grab another bucket of water and spot Hiccup in the forge, talking with Gobber.

Hiccup was another matter entirely. He was always causing trouble for

people by trying to be accepted. He hadn't always been that way. I remembered when they had been little, he was a good friend. He had made me laugh and had been there to support me when my father had passed away, due to the winter sickness. The year before, his mother had died of the same disease. That was when the training had started to take up the majority of my time. Soon after, Hiccup had started trying to be accepted and causing problems, so I distanced myself from him. Now I just tried to ignore him.

I see that during my thought process the others had managed to put the fire out. Suddenly, a loud screech pierces the air and someone shouts a warning.

"NIGHT FURY!"

"Get down!"

I quickly throw myself to the ground. I hear an explosion and look up in time to see the catapult that Stoick was in charge of, burst into flames.

I call the other fire patrollers to me. As they gather around, I notice Aiden shout to Hiccup. Hiccup doesn't reply but just keeps running through the plaza pushing what looks like a wheelbarrow. Aiden starts to run off after him.

"AIDEN! We need your help!" I shout as I move off toward him.

He pauses and turns toward me. I can see the conflict going on in his mind.

"He'll be fine. Come on!"

He starts to jog towards me. Then the look in his eyes changes from one of frustration to one of terror as he starts to sprint in my direction.

"ASTRID, look out!"

I turn around, and am confronted by a Deadly Nadder. It snarls at me and just as it is about to attack, it's knocked over by a small blur. With his sword drawn, Aiden slashes at the Nadder's beak, leaving a deep but not lethal, cut. The Nadder quickly backed down and flew off into the fading night sky.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Would have done it myself if I had my axe."

"Yeah, well- AHHH!"

He jumped backward to avoid the large, flaming torch rolling towards him.

"What was that!?"

One thought went through my mind. _Hiccup._

We went running up the hill to see Stoick yelling at Hiccup.

"-an entire village to feed!"

"Well, between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding don't you think?"

I couldn't help but crack a smile at his dry sarcasm.

"This isn't a joke Hiccup! Argâ€| Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't stop myself! I see a dragon and I have to just kill it. It's who I am, Dad!"

"You are many things Hiccup. â€|But a dragon killer is not one of them. Get back to the house."

I watched Hiccup's face fall as Stoick shouts to Gobber, "Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up."

As he walked by, I avoided eye contact. He was just trying to please his father. Why was it that his dad couldn't be happy with him?

Suddenly I realize what I'm thinking. Why do I care?! This is Hiccup. He shouldn't make me feel compassion for him. If any other of the teens messed up, I don't feel compassion for them.

"Quite the performance." Tuffnut remarks.

"I've never seen someone mess up that badly. That helped!" Snotlout jabs.

"Thank you. Thank you. I was trying." is all the response Hiccup gives. Aiden pushes Snotlout into the ground and walks up to Hiccup.

****Aiden's POV****

"I really did hit one." Hiccup insists.

"Sure, Hiccup." Gobber responds.

"He never listens."

"Runs in the family."

"And when he does it's always with this disappointed scowl like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich." Hiccup switches to an imitation of his dad's voice. "Excuse me, barmaid. I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra-large boy with beefy arms, extra guts, and glory on the side. This here, this is a talking fishbone."

"No, no, now you're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like; it's what's inside that he can't stand."

"Thank you for summing that up."

"Look the point is: Stop trying so hard to be something you're not."

"I just want to be one of you guys." Hiccup says, as he heads in side. I follow him.

"I did hit it. Really. But no one is going to believe that Hiccup the Useless shot down the mysterious Night Fury."

"I do."

"What?"

"I believe you shot it down."

"Thanks. But what am I supposed to do? Just go out and find it and then drag it all the way back here."

"Why not?"

"Are you crazy?! We're just going to go into the woods and find a dragon no one has ever seen before and then kill it."

I nodded.

"Now I know you're crazy. But I guess I am too, so why not?"

And with that said we headed off into the woods.

* * *

><p>I'm so sorry for not posting this yesterday. It was ready, but I had a giant history project. Anyway, as I said up above, I do need ideas from you guys (ex. What dragon does Aiden get? or Does Aiden get into Dragon Training?).

Also, for anybody wondering what episode 10 of Dragons: Riders of Berk is going to be like you can find a sneak peek at [watch?v=cyZxogrIk60&feature=related](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cyZxogrIk60&feature=related)**.**

5. I Can't Do This

Hey guys! (And gals, and ...other.) Sorry about not updating, but I got grounded. Luckily I was able to talk my mom into giving me some time to finish this over Thanksgiving break.

Anyway, on with the show!

Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD.

* * *

><p>Chapter 5: I Can't Do This_

Hiccup's POV

"You look along the coast. I'll go inland."

That was all the direction I gave Aiden when we set out. I mean, it was a _Night Fury. _No one has ever seen one before, so we don't exactly know what we're looking for.

I had gone inland quite a ways, but had not found any trace of the dragon I shot down. As I round the next turn, I close my eyes, willing the dragon to be in front of me when I open them. Opening my eyes, I see nothing. _Another X, _I think to myself bitterly. _ ARG! What's the point!_ I start to take my frustration out on the map I've drawn. Slamming it shut, I say to myself, "Oh, the gods hate me. Some people lose their knife, or their mug. No not me, I happen to lose an entire _DRAGON!_ OW!"

The branch I just hit snaps back and whacks me in the eye. But as I look at the tree, I notice that the "branch" is actually a strip of bark. And the tree has been knocked over. My eyes follow the trunk down to the ground, where a large trench has been made. As I walk down the trench, I notice roots that have been upturned and scratches on everything. I climb over the last rise and gasp. My mind must be playing tricks. I could have sworn I saw a dragon. I look once more. Definitely a dragon. And it was tangled in ropes. _Ropes from my bola cannon!_ Quickly, I take out my dagger. I make my way towards it. Ducking behind a rock, I gather enough courage to face the creature. Coming out from behind the rock, I walk up to the black dragon.

"Oh, wow. I did it. Oh, I did it! This-this fixes everything! YES! I have brought down this mighty beast-" but my self-promoting speech is cut short when the Night Fury throws my foot off its shoulder, and in the process, flinging me against a boulder. I try to regain my breath and point my _very_ intimidating dagger at him. I chide myself for not bringing a larger weapon. _It's alive._ The thought of going up against a Night Fury makes my knees wobble. Now, I allow my eyes to take in the appearance of the beast. It is pitch black with large wings and four short, yet sturdy legs. It has no horns; instead it has what look like ears on its compact head. And its eyes. They were like green tidal pools. I can't pull myself away from them. They stare at me, looking frightened. But dragons are mindless, killing machines. They aren't supposed to _feel._

Tearing myself away, I focus on the task at hand. "I'm going to kill you, dragon. And I'm going to cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking. I'M A VIKING!" Taking a deep breath, I raise my knife above my head and prepare to finish him off. But, I make the mistake of looking back into its eyes. In them, I see an animal that is scared to death. An animal that knows it has no hope of living. An animal that realizes that it is at my mercy. And then, with a moan, the dragon lets its head fall onto the ground, giving up. And I realize something too.

I can't do this. I lower my knife and look at the damage I've caused the dragon. The ropes have rubbed the skin raw and in some places, have made deep cuts. "I did this," I mumble to myself as I turn to leave. But then glancing back, I realize that leaving it might as well be killing it.

I can't believe I'm about to do this. I kneel next to the Night Fury and start to cut the ropes. Just as I finish and the rope goes slack, the dragon leaps up and pins me against the ground. I prepare myself for a grizzly death, but find myself captivated by his eyes. Then he spreads his wings and opens his mouth. I squeeze my eyes shut and wait, hoping it will be over quickly.

A sound louder than anything I've ever heard fills my ears. Then, the pressure pinning me down is gone. I crack open my eyes and glimpse the dragon dart into the trees. I let out a breath that I didn't know I was holding. As I stand up, I can see the silhouette of the Night Fury flying off. I turn around and the world goes black.

****Aiden's POV****

"Hiccup? Hiccup, wake up." Finally, he stirs. I found him lying on his stomach, surrounded by rope, black scales, and his knife.

"What is it?"

"Dude, what happened?" I ask as he sits up, rubbing the back of his head.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I found you in the middle of the forest, unconscious."

"Oh."

"Well, did you find the dragon?"

He pauses and looks at me sheepishly. He answers, "No."

"Well, it looks like you did hit it. But obviously, it got away." I decide to leave off the fact that he was unconscious.

"Yeah."

"Hmmâ€¦ well, we should get back to the house. I help you."

"No, I think I've got it."

We walk the rest of the way in silence. I'm thinking about why Hiccup wouldn't tell me he found a dragon. He's probably thinking how he is going to tell his dad that he can't kill dragons.

When we walk inside, I notice Stoick sitting by the fire. Hiccup tries to sneak upstairs, but Stoick has other ideas.

"Hiccup."

"Dad! â€¦ I need to talk to you, dad."

"I need to speak with you too, son."

Then both blurt out, "I've decided I don't want to fight dragons. What?"

"I've decided it's time you learn to fight dragons. What?"

Both clearly flustered, Stoick says, "You go first."

"No, no, you go first."

"Alright. You get your wish. Dragon Training. You start in the morning."

"Oh man, I should have gone first. Because, you know, we have a surplus of dragon fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread making Vikings, or small home repair Vikings."

"You'll need this," replies Stoick, handing Hiccup a large axe.

"I don't want to fight dragons, dad."

"Ah, come on, yes, you do."

"Rephrase: Dad, I can't kill dragons!"

"But you will kill dragons."

"No, I'm very, extra sure that I won't."

"It's time, Hiccup."

"Can you not hear me?!"

"This is serious, son! When you carry this axe, you carry all of us with you. That means you walk like us, you talk like us, you think like us. No more of this!"

"You just gestured all of me."

"Deal?"

"This conversation is felling very one-sided."

"DEAL?"

"Deal."

"Good. The same goes for you, Aiden. Now up to bed, the both of you. You've got a busy day tomorrow."

I followed Hiccup up to the bedroom, my mind on what Stoick had said. I was going to dragon training. Did that mean that they expected me to stay? Did that mean that they accepted me? All these thoughts filled my brain, accompanied by strange feelings that I didn't know how to describe. Maybe tomorrow I could sort them out. Right now, I just wanted to sleep.

* * *

><p>So, we finally meet Toothless. And I need some advice. Should Hiccup tell Aiden about Toothless or should he keep him a secret? Thanks you all so much for tolerating me and my haphazard scheduled. I'm trying to update once a week. Until next time, keep writing!

6. The Viking Way

**Hello, wonderful readers! I have finally returned! The curse of

restricted access has been lifted by the sword of justice! ...Never mind. But any way, more on my return at the bottom.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: The Viking Way_

Aiden's POV

The next morning, we found ourselves at the docks. I was helping Gobber load the warrior's packs onto a boat. As I looked around, I noticed many of the teens saying goodbye to their parents. Spitelout put a hand on Snotlout's shoulder, Astrid hugged her mom. But as I moved my gaze to Hiccup and Stoick, I could almost see the awkwardness of the situation. Both father and son stood next to each other, staring out to sea.

"I'll be back, probably," said Stoick.

"And I'll be hereâ€¦ maybe," replied Hiccup.

Gobber, noticing the pair, tosses the last bag at my, effectively hitting me in the head and knocking me overboard. After a muffled shout, frantically swimming to the surface, and pulling myself onto the dock, I watch Gobber move over to the awkward family. He took one look and each and slaps his hand over his face.

"Uh, Hiccup would like to say that he'll miss you, and he wishes that you'll find that Thor-forsaken dragon's nest, so you'll stop taking your frustrations out on everybody, mainly poor Gobber."

Hiccup nodded.

"Stoick wants to tell you that he'll be thinking of you the whole time, so train hard, don't throw a house party, and he'll do his best not to be eaten by a sea serpent or dragon, but if he does, well, you know, that's that."

"We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard," Stoick replied in monotone.

"We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard," Gobber said enthusiastically.

"I said that."

"Oh, sorry for helping," Gobber shot back sarcastically.

Stoick turned to him after getting on the ship, and seriously said, "I want him back. With all limbs in tack."

_If only you knew, _I thought to myself.

We watch as the ships pull out of the dock, and start on their quest. I turn to Gobber and ask him, "Was that really necessary?"

All he does is laugh. "Come on you two. Training starts tomorrow."

As we make our way up to the forge, I see the other teens moving

about the village with weapons and big smiles. Excited for dragon training would be my guess. I see Astrid with her axe in hand heading toward the forest. Probably going off to murder some innocent trees.

****Astrid's POV****

WHAM!

I smile at the satisfying sound of my axe slicing into a tall tree.

Then I sigh. I can't seem to get a certain person out of my head. He's always in my thoughts, no matter where I go or what I do. What is wrong with me! I, Astrid Hofferson, do not _like_ guys. I train, work, practice, and then train some more. I don't have time to like guys. Especially guys like Hiccup. But now he's invading all my thoughts. I know that he has a thing for me. According to Ruffnut, he has more than _a thing_ for me. According to her, he's in love. Not that I mind. But I wish he would take action.

This crush started a while ago, two years to be exact. It had been late in the afternoon and the other teens and I had just finished our dinners. Well, the others did, I wasn't hungry for some reason, so I didn't eat much. Hiccup had just showed up and had spent several minutes scraping at the bottom of the kettle for the last of the chicken broth. Once he got enough to be called a lite supper, he moved off toward his usual lonely table. Of course, Snotlout had to go and bully him, like always. He stuck a foot out at the last moment and tripped Hiccup, causing him to fall flat on his face and spill all his broth on his head. He just glared at Snotlout and the twins, whom had been laughing hysterically. Hiccup went to his bench and rested his head on the table.

I don't know what compelled me to do this, but the next thing I know, I'm walking toward him and resting my hand on his shoulder. I remember him cringing and guilt had flooded me. _Had we all mistreated him so much that he was wary of any physical contact?_ He turned to face me and I extended my bowl of soup towards him.

"Here. I didn't eat this because I don't really like it. You can have it."

He looked deeply into my eyes, and I didn't turn away. I couldn't.

Hiccup's face flushed red, and he stumbled out the words, "Th-thank you, Astrid" And gave me small, lopsided smile.

Up to that moment, I only thought of Hiccup as the scrawny, awkward kid that worked in the blacksmith shop. Other than dropping off weapons to be sharpened or fixed there, I had rarely paid any attention to him. I had, just seconds beforehand, come to the conclusion that I was giving him my soup because I was tired of seeing Snotlout and Tuffnut tormenting him for some stupid laughs! I had had enough of the hurtful pranks and was trying to clearly send that message back to the other Viking teens who were now watching in disbelief. Or so I thought.

But what had happened next shook that belief to the core.

As I stared down at this freckle-faced oddball with soup still dripping from his hair and the most ridiculously goofy smile beaming at her, which was handsome in a strange kind of way, I noticed _his eyes_.

They were large and dark in the dim light of the hall. They were not like the eyes of any of the other Vikings. These eyes were filled with tenderness, compassion " and pain. These were not the eyes of just any boy, and something inside me compelled me to continue gazing into them.

An unusual sensation swept across my whole body. I suddenly felt very warm, as if the whole room had instantly become hotter. I could feel a couple of sweat drops blister onto my forehead. What was happening? What _was_ this feeling?

I then remembered that, just a moment before, Hiccup had said something to me. _What was it?_

He had thanked me for the soup.

I cleared her throat and sputtered out, "Y-you're welcome."

After that day I started to watch Hiccup more closely. I remember watching him work at the forge and sharing his small successes secretly. I remember being disappointed during the Thawfest games when he didn't win, yet admiring his ability to still be a good sport and congratulate the winner (usually Snotlout). I also noticed that while Hiccup may cause a lot of damage in the village, he really had the best intentions at heart.

But that didn't get rid of the damage. He was still _Hiccup_. He still didn't follow orders well. He still was the weakest Viking alive. He was just " different. He was the complete opposite of a traditional Viking. He was as skinny as a sapling and couldn't lift a hammer to save his life. He thought everything through and always put others before himself. He could see solutions that others couldn't because it was too complicated. He was just so " Hiccup. And now that I think about it, most of those thing that I just said are good things, just different. Maybe that's what drew me to him.

I give a more a more exasperated sigh. This is all just so confusing. No one but me knows about my crush, not Ruffnut, or my mom, or my older sister, Frostbite. Just me. And it has to stay that way. Or else I would lose everything that I've worked so hard for. My battle skills, my reputation, and the respect (or fear, whichever you wanted) of the other teens.

This is _too_ confusing. I decide to focus on more practical topics. Such as tomorrow. All the teens, myself, Snotlout, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Hiccup, and Aiden, would be starting dragon training. Once I had gotten over my excitement of finally being able to fight dragons, I wondered how, and more importantly, why, the chief had decided to allow Hiccup and Aiden to join. One was synonymous with natural disaster and the other had only been here a little less than a week.

But lately, Hiccup had been causing noticeably less destruction. The only different thing in his life was Aiden. Perhaps having a friend

was all that Hiccup needed. Maybe Aiden was a good thing.

As for the others, I wasn't worried. We had all been training to prepare for this. Even Fishlegs had gotten better with his hammer. When he had started, he could barely swing it without it flying off to Thor knows where.

The twins just had to stop fighting with each other and start fighting with the enemy to become deadly warriors. They both knew how to wield and throw their spears.

Snotlout was very skilled warrior, him being the perfect Viking and all. If he would just stop flirting with me and realize that I wasn't interested, then he might actually succeed. But in order to do that he would need a lot more brains.

I looked up and saw that while I had been thinking, the sun had begun to set. I grabbed my axe and started for home. After all, I wanted to be wide awake for tomorrow.

* * *

><p>So, I have planned chapters 7, 8, and 9, so I hope to have them all typed and posted by the time school starts again. Then it will be an update every week. Also, I have actually been thinking ahead and wondering if, after I finish this story and my other one, "Letting Go of Control", I should do a sequel. So, by the time chapter 9 is posted, there will be a poll and I hope you all will vote on it. Please review (I feel like I might be a little rusty).

7. Chapter 7 Preview

OH MY GOSH! I AM SOOOOOOOOOO SORRY! Here's a preview at my longest chapter so far (It's a long preview).

* * *

><p>Chapter 7: Dragon Training_

Aiden's POV

The gate swung open and Gobber announced, "Welcome to Dragon Training!"

I heard Astrid mumble, "No turning back." Maybe she's more nervous than she let on.

As for myself, I have no idea what to do here. I understand that the Viking haven't become friends with the dragons yet and that I'm expected to learn how to fight them, but I don't want to. Curse the littler kids at the orphanage for making me watch that movie so many times that I've memorized it. I'll prove it. Cue Tuffnut for talking about burns, followed by Ruffnut, then Astrid.

"I hope I get some serious burns," Tuffnut exclaims.

"I'm hoping for some mauling, like, on my shoulder, or lower back," his twin chimes in.

Astrid sarcastically remarks, "Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it."

Told you so. But then I hear, "Yeah, no kidding, right? Painâ€" love it."

Alrightâ€"I lied. I don't have the _entire_ thing memorized.

Aside from Astrid, who looks like she is trying desperately to keep a straight face on, the others look at him disgustedly.

"Oh great, who let him in?" Tuffnut says.

"Let's get started! The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing their first dragon in front of the entire village." Gobber shouts, trying to get the class started.

"Hiccup already killed a Night Fury so, does that disqualify him orâ€"|" Snotlout mocks.

The other teens laugh and Tuffnut makes one last jab, saying, "Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?"

I pat him on the shoulder, and make my way to the middle of the arena, where the others are gathering. The training arena is basically a large hole in the ground that is covered by a chain net. The floor is slick with morning dew and along the walls are large doors, that every once in a while creak and shift.

Behind me I can hear Gobber trying to cheer Hiccup up.

"Don't worry you're small and your weak. That will make you less of a target. They'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead."

What! Whatever happened to natural selection?

Gobber pushes Hiccup towards me in the line and starts telling us about the dragons.

"Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight."

He walks to each door, telling us about each dragon inside.

"The Deadly Nadder."

"Speed: 8, Armor: 16." I heard Fishlegs butt in with some stats.

"The Hideous Zippleback."

"+11 Stealth times 2."

"The Monstrous Nightmare."

"Firepower: 15."

"The Terrible Terror."

"Attack: 8, Venom: 12."

Gobber finally had enough. "Can you stop that?! And the Gronkle."

"Jaw Strength: 8," Fishlegs whispered to Hiccup.

Gobber placed his hand on the door's lever. Snotlout took notice of this and panicked.

"Whoa, whoa, wait! Aren't you gonna teach us first?"

Gobber simply replied, "I believe in learning on the job." And with that he opened the doors.

A large brown object came bursting out into the arena. It looked like three large boulders glued end to end. It had four short, stubby legs and two small wings that were beating vigorously. This was the Gronkle.

We all scatter, trying to find a place with some cover.

"Today is about survival. If you get blasted," I heard Gobber announce, "you're dead. Quick, what's the first thing you're going to need?"

"A doctor?" Hiccup, sarcastic as always.

"Plus five speed?" Fishlegs, never could get out of his statistical mind.

"A shield." Astrid, the one who has all the answers if they have to do with fighting dragons.

"Shield, go." Obviously the correct answer.

"Your most important piece of equipment is your shield. If you must make a choice between a sword or a shield, take the shield."

I quickly grab a shield with a lightning bolt on it. I can hear the twins bickering over who should take the skull shield and who should take the flower shield. Suddenly, a large, flaming hunk of lava shatters both shields, leaving the twins on the ground.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut, you're out. Those shields are good for another thing, noise. Make lots of it to throw off a dragon's aim."

We all quickly start beating our weapons and shields together. The Gronkle started to shake and became clumsy.

"All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronkle have?"

As I ran to find a safer spot, Snotlout shouted, "Five?"

But Fishlegs was quick to give the correct answer. "No, six!"

"Correct, six! That's one for each of you!"

Then the Gronkle took notice of Fishlegs and blasted his shield apart.

"Fishlegs, out. Hiccup, get in there!"

As Hiccup started to come out, the Gronkle shot at him but missed and hit the wall behind him. Hiccup dove back behind the wooden crate.

The only ones left now were me, Hiccup, Astrid, and Snotlout. I heard Snotlout start to flirt with Astrid but she looks more focused on the training exercise.

"So yeah, I've moved into my parent's basement," Snotlout claimed. "You should come by some time to workout. You look like you workout." As Snotlout said that, Astrid cart wheeled to the side just as the Gronkle shot in her direction. Her movement left Snotlout exposed, and his shield was obliterated, and I watched him go flying in the other direction.

"Snotlout! You're done!" Gobber confirmed.

Astrid rolled to the side, until she was now standing beside Hiccup. "So I guess it's just you and me, huh?" He said, doing his best to sound cool, with an awkward half-smile on his face.

"Nope," Astrid said quickly. "Just you."

She ran out of the way, leaving Hiccup vulnerable and alone. Just at that moment, the Gronkle's fire collided with Hiccup's shield and, with luck, managed to not blast it to pieces, but instead send it rolling across the arena.

"One shot left," Gobber pointed out while Hiccup ran after the rolling shield.

The Gronkle was now advancing on him. I ran to try and help my friend and saw that he was cornered against the wall.

"Hiccup!" Gobber yelled out.

The Gronkle was just about to fire that shot that was sure to be Hiccup's doom. With a sudden burst of speed, I threw myself at the dragon, causing it to miss Hiccup. Gobber had run up in the nick of time, and stuck his prosthetic hook hand into the dragon's mouth and was pulling the Gronkle toward it's cage.

"And that's six," Gobber said struggling with the dragon, "Go back to bed, you overgrown sausage!" He shot at it, as he secured it back into its cage. "You'll get another chance, don't you worry. By the way, good job Astrid and Aiden. You both won this round," Gobber says. I feel a little sick at the prospect of winning these training sessions and killing the Monstrous Nightmare. He turned to me and the other teens, who were all out of breath, and said, "But, remember, a dragon will always," he turned to Hiccup, who was leaning on the wall, rubbing his right arm, "â€| _always_ go for the kill."

He pulled him up and Hiccup looked at the smoldering hole in the stone wall that the dragon had made.

****Hiccup's POV****

"So why didn't you?" I questioned out loud, as I held the remains of the bola that had held the Night Fury.

Putting them down I wandered in the general direction I had seen the black dragon fly off to. I walked into a small tunnel and at the end, was a cove with a lake and waterfall. It was actually quite pretty. But, no dragons. What was I thinking that I would find the Night Fury? This is a dragon! And dragons fly! It was probably long gone by now.

"Well this was stupid."

But as I turn to leave, I notice some small, shiny, black rocks. I knell down and pick one up. These aren't rocks! There scales.

Just as that thought forms in my head a black blur flies past me. I look over and see the Night Fury clawing viciously at the canyon walls. It slides down and tries to glide off but can't seem to go more than a few feet. It crash lands on the far side of the lake.

My eyes widen and I can't help the grin that splits my face for a second or two. The I see a ledge where I can watch without being seen. I hop down and look at the dragon.

The Night Fury takes off and gets about half way up the side of the cove before crashing. It tries again, but gets the same results.

I remember my sketch book and pull it out to study the mysterious creature.

The dragon tries to escape the natural prison once more and fails. It lands and starts to roar and shriek in defeat.

Quickly, I draw the basic body design on the Night Fury. Blunt head, thick neck, streamline body, two large wings, two triangular fins above its rear legs, a long tail, and two tail fins.

Looking up from my rushed sketch, I ask the most obvious question. "Why don't you just fly away?"

The dragon shoots one of its famous plasma bombs in frustration. I look at its tail. One tail fin. I look at my drawing and erase the left tail fin before the meaning of this sinks in.

I tore off its tail fin.

I watch the dragon try to fly off again. Once again, it crashes, by the edge of the lake this time. It notices a fish and tries to catch it, but exhaustion has taken over its body and the fish escape.

Guilt floods through me and the grip on my charcoal slackens. Too late, I realize this and try to catch the falling object. It falls onto a rock below, alerting the Night Fury of my presence.

It looks up at me, not with the eyes of a mindless killer, but almost contemplative.

I watch the dragon until I notice the storm clouds coming in and decide it would probably be best if I head back.

****Aiden's POV****

We were all sitting inside the Great Hall talking. Well, almost all of us. Hiccup had gone missing right after the training lesson. I had looked everywhere but couldn't find him. I decided to ask the others.

"Have any of you guys seen Hiccup?"

They all gave me blank stares. I waited, hoping for a positive response.

Finally, Fishlegs answered for the whole gang, "No."

Snotlout seemed to want to say something negative now. "Not that I blame him. After how badly he messed up in training today, he probably ran off and hid in a hole."

Ruffnut snickered at that and Tuffnut chimed in, "Just proves how useless he really is."

Fishlegs looked like he was faking the smile on his face now and Astrid looked like she was trying to keep her face looking impassive.

I wanted to ask a question that had been on my mind since I first saw the movie. I decided to go ahead and ask.

"Why do you guys hate Hiccup so much?"

8. Important Message

Dear Readers,

Unfortunately, I look back on this story and want to vomit so I have decide to hold a poll. If all you readers really want me to continue this story than I am afraid that you will have to wait until I do some major editing. So if you want a continuation, go vote on the poll and I will keep going. I will need at least 15 votes by the end of the month (September 2013).

Sincerely, DinoMaster316

9. Important Message (Follow-Up)

Dear Readers and Reviewers,

Unfortunately the poll did not reach 15 votes for "Yes". It only made 14. However... I will be continuing this story because at the last minute, I decide to count reviews so that makes it 17 votes for "Yes". But since the vote on the poll didn't make 15, this story is being put on hold for my other stories. Sorry, but I need to get back in gear with this fanfic. To hold you over, there are other stories on my profile by yours truly, so go read those. (Please, please,

please, go read and review "***Till Death Do Us Part**" and "***The Lion, the Witch, and the Hiccup**". I only have one follow and one review for each and I feel like no one likes those.)

So that's what's going on with this story. It will be continued, but after my other fanfics.

Keep writing!

DinoMaster316

10. Author's Note

Dear Readers,

I would like to say that I am extremely sorry about my prolonged absence on Fanfiction. The school year was really getting to me (being a senior in high school isn't easy) and a lot of bad things took place, like my best friend for the past 7 years ditching me, causing me to fall back into depression. Then there were a lot of new responsibilities that I had to take on, such as leading my church's high school small group, that really took up quite a bit of my free time.

But I'm here to say that I am returning for the summer! During the previous years, I couldn't write during summers because I didn't have a computer. The only one that I did have was the school laptop we were given and the district takes those back at the end of the year. However, I now have an iPad, so I have a lot more writing time. So I'm here to tell you the new order for my writing schedule:

1. New Discoveries
2. The Rite
3. Letting Go of Control
4. Not All That Glitters Is Gold

The reason for this order is that the readers for "New Discoveries" and "The Rite" have been waiting for those for a number of years and I really hate keeping you guys waiting. The good news is that the outline for "New Discoveries" has been made and I know exactly what I want to do with it so, it shouldn't take too long to finish. Also, "The Rite" only has a couple more chapters to go until completed, that shouldn't take long either.

As for the other stories not on this list, they will be completed because I will never abandon a story. I just haven't figured out which to work on first. I might have a poll up later to vote about it, so keep your eyes peeled! Also, update on "Accidental Collisions", I am going to rewrite the entire story, but I will not be posting it until chapters 1 through 8 are ready. After that, it will be a weekly update until finished.

And one last thing readers. I do not appreciate flames or reviews that are there for the sole purpose of aggravation. I have the power to remove your reviews and I will use it if I deem it necessary. I write these stories for my own enjoyment and the readers are given

permission to view them. Abuse that privilege and I will simply stop allowing you to see them. This includes "Guests", whom simply lack the guts to show their own faces when they insult someone. I recently had an incident with one of these and was quite put out. Now despite each review appearing about a month apart, it didn't take a detective to figure out it was the same person. So if you are reading this, GET LOST! Great! Got that out of my system.

To the rest of you readers, I really appreciate you! You all are amazing and every time I read a review from one of you, it just makes my day! So thanks, and I'll get those new chapters up as soon as I can!

Keep Writing,

DinoMaster316

P.S. There should be a new oneshot up within the next few days called "Imitation" or "Impersonation", so if you really need some of my writing, go read that. ;D

End
file.